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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1852.

LITERATURE.

TRANSLATION

OF A PAGE OF THE ÆNEID IN ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

BY S. S. WALDEMAN.

ALTHOUGH there are many pretended examples of hexameter versification in the English language, I am not sufficiently acquainted with English poetry to know whether there are any specimens extant which contain the features of classical versification to which the name applies. The etymology of the word will not give us its definition, or an alexandrine (or a geometer caterpillar) might be called a hexameter, because it has six feet.

We must know the features of a hexameter before we can compare anything with it. These are the well known mixture of dactyls and spondees, the former made of a long syllable followed by two short ones, and the latter of two long ones. This is not the place to explain the meaning of long and short, and the difference between accent and quantity, loudness and continuance, or a *suell* and a *minim* in music—their distinctness being merely assumed. As it is the length of the syllables (without regard to the accent) which regulates the feet of classic poetry, the adjective *brève*t and the verb *brève*t are equally pyrrhies, and *fénâtic* or *fánâtic* equally tribrachs, although some would have the latter in each case an iambus and amphibrach, because a short syllable happens to be accented.

Dr. Latham has shown that there are no dactyls, spondees, &c., in English, but under the contrary delusion, the mass of twaddle that goes under the name of "prosody" in the English grammars, first perverts the names of the classic feet in applying them to a different style of versification; and when the error is confirmed, the same names are applied in their corrupt sense to classic poetry, so that the laws of all verse, whether classic or barbarian, are in such a state of confusion that nothing but the application of a little common sense can unravel them. Witness the anilities of Murray in his statement that *pétish* is a spondee and *confess* an iambus—or of Bullions in asserting that in English "every accented syllable is long."

The superabundance of short syllables in English renders it an unyielding material for quantitative versification, so that any extended attempt will be likely to furnish examples of short syllables where there should be long ones. Thus in Longfellow's "Evangeline" there are many initial short syllables to the lines, as *in*, *not*, *as*, *is*, *it*, which convert dactyls to tribrachs, &c. If we allow "position" to lengthen syllables, as it must in all languages (not counting words like *ill*, *ell*, which have but one consonant) the line—

Yet ün-der | Béné-dict's | rö-öf hö-spi- | tä-lity | sēem'd mö-re a- |
bünd-ant;

contains a bacchius, anapest, dactyl, tribrach, antibacchius, and spondee; each foot being different, so that the line (like a geometer caterpillar) having four false feet, wants those which constitute a hexameter.

Another fault of these bad imitations is their distribution of the natural accent of the words, which is entirely unlike that of the classical models which they caricature. The Virgilian line (l. 28)—

et gé-nus | in-vis' | et rāp-t' | i Gān-y- | mē-dis ho- | nō-res—

is paralleled by Bryant in—

Bright ä-re the | vales and | öpe-ning | deep the ä- | bys-ses of | ether—

in which the accents do not correspond. In fact, whilst a single Latin hexameter foot may contain *two* accents, or *none*, the counterfeits are to be recognised by the care with which the single accent allotted to each foot is marshalled to a uniform place, so that *they* are *not* hexameters by their accent. The following, from Warreniana, is a good example (in imitation of Southey's "Vision of Judgment"), but with all similar six-accent efforts, it is to pervert our ideas of hexameters, whilst to feel that it is versification, the reader must have first learnt to corrupt the classics.

Here I conclud'd my stäve, for my välet retüurn'd with my bööt-hooks;
So täking my hät in my händ a remarkably réquisite practice
I söught that widening gulf where the Stränd with a mürmur süsürrous
Flöws into Päll Mall east like Thämes at the Nöre into öcean:
Höre I stood rapt a while commēding the büldings äround me,
Espēcially Waterloo Pläce, with which I was highly delighted;
Till hēaring the clöck strike eight, I retüurn'd to my Stränd habitation
And hēard the bëll from St. Clēment's toll töll through the silēnce of evening.

The uniform use of accented syllables occurs in the two closing feet of hexameters, yet even here, exceptions are not rare, the following being from the first book of the Æneid: a-quæ mons,

lin. 105; ab jóve süm-mo, l. 380; et bó-na ju-nó, l. 734; besides others.

In contending that the imitation of Latin hexameters should be true to the accentual peculiarity of the original, it is independent of the question whether that was or was not accented at the beginning of the foot. If it was thus accented, the natural accent of the words was spoiled, and we give a false idea of it in imitations, if we do not show the full effect of such a change in pronunciation. This perversion would resemble this imitation of the 9th and 10th lines (see also l. 21 and 28) of the first book of the Æneid, in which the feet, quantity, and natural accent are preserved:—

Whence the ob-durate queen of hon-ord gods driving a hero—
Super-sor in his virtue un-der so much baleful mis-fortune.

Here, as the last syllables of *honor'd* and *under* commence a foot, they are accented, just as the corresponding syllables in *deum* and *virum* are accented by the scansional school, although Priscian says no Latin word is accented on the final syllable. The discrepancy between this and the examples already given shows the extent to which one must caricature the original model, besides going far to prove that the Romans did not mispronounce their words to such an extraordinary degree.

In accenting the first syllable of hexameter feet, the scansionists fall into an error which the poets took every pains to keep them out of. Forming their verses upon the laws of quantity, they felt that the nice appreciation of it would be interfered with if each foot had the crude addition of an initial accent; and they consequently took care to remove it even where it would have been very easily preserved, as in the 33d line of the Æneid, in which the removal to the next syllable, of the second accent of the second foot, would have made every foot perfect in the judgment of transalpine ears—thus:—

Founding ná-tions like Róme's requir'd these árduous lá-bors—

instead of the classical form—

Founding ná-tions like Róme's required these árduous lá-bors.

The natural accent was allowed to remain in the two last feet as an indication of the close of the verse, and consequently, of the measure used. The teutonic ear, which is not offended by the use of dissyllables like *flow'r* and *heav'n* instead of monosyllables, and which in most cases cannot appreciate the rhythm of French poetry, can be as little expected to appreciate that of Latin, as the frequenters of a circus to understand a style of music to which they are unable to beat time.

In the following specimen of a hexameter translation of Virgil in the peculiarities of the original, the difficulties of preserving the quantity have been much greater than in an original composition, in which the entire vocabulary might be ransacked for syllables of the requisite length. The same word (as *the*) is in some cases long and in others short, and must be pronounced accordingly; and a naturally short vowel has been sometimes helped out by position. The *grave* accentual marks a long accented syllable, and the *acute* a short one; and as the feet are equivalent to the bars (but not the accent) in music, they require the same time one with another.

The word *Ilion* in the first line must either be pronounced *ee-ion*, or the *i* must be continued for the slight period of a short vowel, and Albanian should have either the benefit of the continuant *n* in the third syllable, or the vowel lengthened. In line 2, the *l* of *Clotho* makes out the time of *-ly*, but a comma after it would do as well. The spelling of *ang-guish* in line 2 is to prevent the first syllable from being hurried. The *a* in *ate* (line 1) is really as short as that in *what* and *many*, but as most grammarians confound *quality* and *length*, it passes for long, because it is long in *pane*. In line 8 (see also Car-thage, l. 15) *ate* would be long by position, but the time is regulated by throwing the continuous (and therefore quantitative) consonant *th* to the next foot, like the *r* in *pa-tres*, line 7. The word *con-tra* in line 13 might have been divided *contr-a*, but as *con* is *cōne*, there is no necessity to give it the *two* quantitative consonants *n* and *r*. The syllables have not in all cases been divided according to this rule.

The final *m* being merely a mark of nasality to the preceding vowel, is indicated accordingly. Accented monosyllables (which have been in most cases avoided) are to be read as if italicised. A monosyllable sometimes occurs in the original, in the place usually occupied by an accented syllable, as *fas est* forming the final spondee of l. 77, and *si qua* in that of l. 181.

The versification adopted here is also adapted to the German language, in which the first line of Virgil might be thus rendered, *Held* and *ich* being long by position, the latter being also aided by the preceding *-ng*, and the caesural comma:—

Krieg und den | Hēld besing' | ich, dēr | erst von | Ilions Ufern.

1. arma- vi- rum qve ca- no troj- se qvi primus ab oris arms and the man reid- ting first who from ilion's borders,	18. (ei qva fata si- nant jam tum tend- itque fo- vetque. fates al- lowing) sov- reign rule o'er all ne'boring nations.
2. trail a- fa- to profu- gus la- vinaque venit gains ita- ly Clò- the pressing and la- vinian places,	19. progen- em sod e- ni- tro- jan- a sanguine duci For having heard that ra- ces from Trojan fathers de- scended,
3. litora multiv- ille et terr- is fact- atus et alto, great is his ang- gulish, harra- s't: o'er lands a- t'us as on water	20. avdier- at, lyri- as o- li- a qve verteret areas. hereafter would ravage her tow- ers and Tyrian ramparts.
4. vi supe- rum au- va memo- rom ju- nómis ob- iram by heaven thro' mind- ful Mitter hate by Júnio un- grácious.	21. hinc popu- lum la- to re- gna, bell- oque sup- erbum thence ene- mies wide spread, sov- reign, bold powerful warriors
5. multa- qvo qv' et bell- o pas- us, dum conderet urbem over-much too hé bore war- worn whilst réaring a structure	22. venturum excidi- o liby- a sic vólvere parcas. devò- ting unto destruction (fate re- vólving it) Libya.
6. infer- etque de- ce lat- o; genus unde lat- inum to intro- dúcce his gods to Látum; where Látin people a- rising,	23. id metu- ensa veter- isque mem- or sat- turnia belli remember- ing this, sa- turnia think- ing o'er various conflicts
7. alba- niqve pa- tres, atq' alte- mœnia romæ alba- nian ei- ders, ál- sò Rome's tow'ering strongholds.	24. prima qvod ad tro- jam pro caris gesserat argis: waged at Troy's strong- held for argos dear to re- membrance:
8. musa- mi- hi cave- as memo- ra, qvo numine lasso, Múse relate those tréa- sons consum- mated, causes of tórture,	25. nec dum eti- a cav- sa- fra- rum as- viqve do- loros nor eñ- w had griev- ous cún- ses re- sentful es- caped from
9. qvidve do- lens reg- ina de- um, tot vólvere casus whence the ob- durato queen of hón- ord gods driving a héro	26. excider- ani ant- mo. manet alta mente rep- ostem her angry soul. Paris whose judgment ránkles sórcely her bosom
10. insign- e- piet- ate vir- um, tot ad- ire la- bóres super yor in his virtue ún- der so much baleful mis- fortune,	27. judici- um parid- is; spro- taqv' in- juria a stigma on alighted form and also stófn gany- médo
11. impule- ret tan- tem' ani- mis co- lestibus ire? and máni- fold ar- rays. énvies like these, are such ce- lestial?	28. et genus invi- tum et rapt- i gany- modis hen- ores. a nation despi- sing cord- yally for évis un- equalld.
12. urbs an- tigva fu- it (tyri- i tenu- ere co- loni) there were tow'ers (An- cient emi- grants of the) Tyrian nation	29. his acc- ensa su- per, fact- atos sequere toto she (these) ánnimá- ting) drives far from Látum the Trojans
13. carthag- haid) car- thage, frónting háil- am con- tra tiber- inaqve lóngè held) car- thage, frónting háil- am con- tra tiber- inaqve lóngè	30. troas, reliqv- as dana- um atqv' im- mitis a- chillej óver wide ócean the relics left by ruthless A- chilles
14. ostia- dives o- pum studi- leqv' as- perrima belli- Hólding much golden treas- ure and with strong-arm'd soldiers a- bounding:	31. arca- bat lon- ge lati- o: multi- osque per- annos and Gré- cian hé- roca. Many years they wander'd in sailing
15. quam ju- no fert- ur terr- is magis omnibus unam which car- thage jú- no fá- vor'd óver all of its rivals,	32. erra- bant ac- ti fat- is, maria omnia circum. around thro' núm- 'rous wa- ters, fate still driving them onwards.
16. posthab- ta colu- isse sa- mo. hic illius arma, for Sámos was less es- teem'd, sh- cred al- thó' twas to hér. Hero	33. tante molis e- rat ro- mana- condero gentem. founding nátions like Rome's re- quir'd these árduous labors.
17. hic curr- us fuit: hoc reg- num dea- gentibus esse her arma and chariot were. Hère our góddess méans and de- signs (the	

THE RUINS OF TINIAN.

THE statement "going the rounds" of the papers, and which a late number of our journal presented in an attractive form from the *Courier*, respecting certain ruins in one of the Ladrone Islands, refers to quite an old affair. These remarkable antiquities are by no means the original discoveries, as alleged, of Capt. Alfred K. Fisher, of the New Bedford ship America, any more than the guano Lobos Islands were the discovery of Capt. Morrell. The newspaper report talks largely of buildings, and columns, and capstones. The earliest and most authentic account upon which we have been able to lay our hands occurs in "Anson's Voyage Round the World, in the years 1740-4," printed in London in 1748. This celebrated admiral, in his adventurous cruise after the Manilla galleon, was driven by stress of war and weather to the latitudes of the equator, where he made Tinian, one of the Ladrone Islands. He landed a portion of his crew there, who speedily recruited their health, in gratitude for which he has left a most delightful picture of the island.

The Ladrone Islands were discovered by Magellan, in 1521, and took their name from the thievish habits of the natives, *Las Islas de las Ladrones*. At the end of the seventeenth century they were called the *Marianne Islands*, from the queen of Philip IV. of Spain, who propagated Christianity in this region. The native population declined under the Spanish occupation. In 1742 Anson found Tinian depopulated, the natives having been carried off fifty years before to repair the loss by sickness in a neighboring settlement. The islands, some twenty in number, of which four or five only are occupied, are volcanic in their origin, lie near each other, and show signs of violent disruptions. Though within about fifteen degrees of the equator, the climate is agreeable, from the prevalence of the trade winds. The soil is fertile, producing cotton, rice, indigo, corn, sugar, and the various tropical fruits. The present Spanish settlers are chiefly from Mexico and the Philippines.

After celebrating the pleasantness of the island of Tinian, Anson gives the following account of its ruins:—

"There are in all parts of the island, a great number of ruins of a very particular

kind; they usually consist of two rows of square pyramidal pillars, each pillar being about six feet from the next, and the distance between the rows being about twelve feet; the pillars themselves are about five feet square at the base, and about thirteen feet high; and on the top of each of them is a semi-globe, with the flat part upwards; the whole of the pillar and semi-globe is solid, being composed of sand and stone cemented together, and plastered over. If the account our prisoners gave us of these structures was true, the island must indeed have been extremely populous; for they assured us that they were the foundations of particular buildings, set apart for those Indians only who had engaged in some religious vow; and monastic institutions are often to be met with in many Pagan nations. Moreover, if these ruins were originally the basis of the common dwelling-houses of the natives, their numbers must have been considerable; for in many parts of the island they are extremely thickly planted, and sufficiently evince the great plenty of former inhabitants."

In that excellent storehouse of information, "Océanie, par G. and Dumeney de Rienzi" (Paris, 1836), one of the series of the publication *L'Univers*, we find an engraving of the ruins, copied apparently from Anson's quarto, with some additional entries in "un Passage Charmant de la Promenade, on Tour du Monde, par M. J. Arago:—

"The veracity of Anson has often been doubted, as Tinian is stripped of its luxuriant vegetation, its animals and its people, and has been as much decried by Captain Byron as exalted by Anson." We are, however, far from suspecting the sincerity of Anson, and we can give no better proof of it than by citing a passage on this subject from the delightful Tour around the World of M. J. Arago:—

"Two days afterwards we arrived at Tinian. Where is this luxurious vegetation, these vigorous palm-trees, these thick-set groves, these beautiful leaves? I find the same clear atmosphere, but the shore is almost barren. Some withered cocoan-trees still shake their trembling heads in the air, and they alone rise above the antique pilasters built by a people of whom we have not

even a tradition. Here on the beach are some oblong polished and colored stones, 'Alcalde, what are these blocks?' 'The blocks of the ancient inhabitants.' 'And whose is this well, so excellently constructed?' 'The well of the ancient inhabitants.' 'And those pilasters, surmounted by a hemisphere in stucco?' 'The pilasters of the ancient inhabitants.' 'And what are these two long lines of parallel columns?' 'All that was built by the ancient inhabitants.' 'Who were this people, what has become of them? Have they emigrated? Are they extinct?' 'I don't know what.' This Alcalde rules over three daughters, four servants, and a convict of Agagua. These form the entire population of the island.

"So Anson has lied to the Universe by publishing such a magnificent picture of the island? No; the admiral doubtless spoke the truth, for the soil is covered with rotting trunks and uprooted trees of gigantic growth. A torrid tempest has devastated the forests of this impoverished soil, a commotion like that which rent Sicily must have thrown down these extraordinary colonnades whose fragments you behold strewed over the ground, and has also perhaps engulfed the entire population of the island.

"Tinian is at the present day an abandoned island, without culture, and without population. All its inhabitants were comprised in the apartment of the Alcalde. They were fifteen in number, and were lodged in four wretched thatched huts. Throughout the island trees are rare and stunted. You here and there find an old cocoa, and a small number of overgrown plantations. Such is this region which seems as if it had some day been surprised by a great catastrophe."

"It is really at the sight of these magnificent ruins still standing," says an elegant and agreeable writer, M. L. Reybaud (a fanciful, picturesque Voyage Around the World, which is publishing at the same time with our Oceania), "impossible to deny that this place has had its era of prosperity and grandeur. Even if we penetrate to the midst of a thicket of briars, we find ourselves before fragments which are styled, on the island of Rota, the houses of the ancients. At the sight of these colossal remains, we ask ourselves who were the people who raised these structures, and whether they

were thrown down by the action of nature or of man. The grouping of these structures, their semicircular form, their construction of cemented sand, their position, order, arrangement, all astonishes and baffles us. What were these massive capitals for? What monarch, in the words of M. Arago, was able to build this long colonnade, which was all evidently part of a single edifice? The local legends either say nothing about them, or utter absurdities impossible to credit. As an example, Toumoulon Tega was the principal chieftain of this island; he ruled in peace, and none thought of disputing his authority. Suddenly, one of his kinsmen, called Tjoenani, raised the standard of revolt, and his first act was to build a mansion similar to that of his rival. Two parties were formed; they fought, the dwelling of the rebel was sacked, and from this dispute, which became general, sprang a war, which, by depopulating the island, led also to the ruin of its edifices."

The best preserved of these ruins are those seen to the west of the roadstead. The edifice had twelve columns, eight only of which are standing. It singularly happens, that in the fall of the columns the hemisphere by which they are capped remains unimpaired. Other ruins, still more dishonored, are found around a well, which is in like manner styled *the well of the ancients*. They seem to have formed a building more than four hundred feet long. The roots which bind together these old fragments give a peculiarly picturesque appearance to the entire neighborhood.

Malte Brun gives a paragraph to the subject: "In various places in this island, ruins are found which show it to have been once well peopled. These ruins present numerous columns, and the remains of ancient edifices which have been overthrown by nature or by men."

Here fails our knowledge of these antiquities, till some Surveying Expedition, or adventurous Stephens or Squier shall alight upon the island, and with a goodly share of perseverance and enthusiasm, introduce these curious memorials in a more circumstantial manner, to the scientific world.

PALISSY, THE POTTER.*

THE chief interest of this work lies in the artistic career of its hero. Had it not been for the pottery of Palissy, his scientific researches and his resolute Protestantism would scarcely have carried his reputation to the present day. We have therefore some fault to find with his present biographer for devoting so much space to matters common to Palissy with others of his time and faith, and thus expanding into two volumes a story for which one would have been amply sufficient.

Palissy was born somewhere in the diocese of Agen, somewhere about the year 1509. He was educated as a glass painter, and practised that art as his livelihood on coming to man's estate, establishing himself in the town of Saintes. His labors seem to have been confined in this department to the reparation of old instead of the production of new windows. This style of decoration had culminated before his day. Gothic architecture, of which it is so prominent a

part, was giving way to the Renaissance; Palissy's only chance, therefore, for displaying his skill was in patching up broken panes and casements, supplying here a head of a saint, and there the cloven foot of the enemy of mankind. This was not productive of fame or fortune. It is not surprising, therefore, that the artist's mind was active in other directions. An enamelled cup of Luca della Robbia's then novel fabrication sent him off in pursuit of the secret of the "white enamel," which added so much to the beauty of its surface.

He was entirely ignorant of pottery of all kinds, and no instructor was to be obtained. His first step, therefore, was in the dark.

"Without having heard," said Palissy, 'of what materials the said enamels were composed, I pounded, in those days, all the substances which I could suppose likely to make anything; and having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and after having broken them in pieces, I put some of the materials that I had ground upon them, and having marked them, I set apart in writing what drugs I had put upon each, as a memorandum; then, having made a furnace to my fancy, I set the fragments down to bake.'

"The first experiment was the first loss. Palissy had made a furnace in his house, which he thought likely to be suitable; and he had strewed upon many broken bits of pottery many chemical mixtures, which he then proposed to melt at furnace-heat. It was his hope, that of all the mixtures one or two might run over the pottery, when melted, in a form which would convey to him some hint of the composition of the white enamel. He had been told that white enamel was the basis of all others, and sought only for that. 'I set the fragments down to bake,' he says, 'that I might see whether my drugs were able to produce some whitish color: for I sought only after white enamel, because I had heard it said that white enamel was the basis of all others.' In the selection of his chemical ingredients, he had more than chance to guide him. It is to be remembered, that he had been familiar for many years with such metallic colors as are used in glass-painting, and to a certain extent with their behavior when exposed to fire. Some facts, therefore, he had, to suggest hints to him in the mixing of those chemicals which he distributed upon the bits of earthenware, and put into his furnace, each duly marked, and a memorandum of the exact contents of each against a corresponding mark set down in writing.

"The plan of the experiment was promising. The words of Palissy himself will best relate and account for its repeated failure. 'Then,' he says, 'because I had never seen earth baked, nor could I tell by what degree of heat the said enamel should be melted, it was impossible for me to get any result in this way, though my chemicals should have been right; because, at one time, the mass might have been heated too much—at another time, too little; and when the said materials were baked too little, or burnt, I could not at all tell the reason why I met with no success, but would throw the blame on the materials, which sometimes, perhaps, were the right ones, or at least, could have afforded me some hint for the accomplishment of my intentions, if I had been able to manage the fire in the way that my materials required. But again, in working thus, I committed a fault still grosser than that above named; for in putting my trial-pieces in the furnace, I arranged them without consideration; so that if the materials had been the best in the world, and the fire also the fittest, it was impossible for any good result to follow. Thus, having blundered several times at a great expense, and through much labor, I

was every day pounding and grinding new materials, and constructing new furnaces, which cost much money, and consumed my wood and my time.'

His first experiments were failures. In his own strong language, "he fooled away in this manner several years." After expending all his little means, meeting the scorn and ridicule of the town, and, what was worse, the curtain lectures of his wife—after building with infinite toil, with his own unaided labor, a furnace adapted to his purposes, and heating it at a critical moment in the baking of his pottery, by knocking his furniture to pieces, and even tearing up the floor of his dwelling to feed the insatiable flame—after having his batch of vases turn out at one time crusted over with flints, owing to the improper construction of his furnace, and at another with the colors he carefully applied run together in an undistinguishable whole, he finally succeeded in his process of enamelling.

Worldly prosperity was now open to him. His beautiful vases found their way to the palaces of the great, and he received abundant orders. He was, however, a Huguenot, and suffered much in the religious wars of France, escaping with his life from judicial process, and afterwards from the general slaughter of the St. Bartholomew massacre, solely because his services were too valuable to his great patrons to be dispensed with.

In the latter part of his life, Palissy of Saintes became Palissy of the Tuileries, being summoned to assist in the decoration of that famous palace, then in process of construction. He had already extended his researches from pottery over the field of natural science, and in his writings seems to have anticipated some of the discoveries of modern times. With a distrust, however, in the originality of his own results, rare in a self-made man, he sought the counsel and co-operation of the learned Parisians in a novel and striking manner, characteristic of his sincerity and practical turn of mind. We will let him tell his own story.

"I considered," Bernard says, 'that I had employed much time in the study of earths, stones, waters, and metals, and that old age pressed me to multiply the talents which God has given to me; and for that reason, that it would be good to bring forward to the light those excellent secrets, in order to bequeath them to posterity. But, inasmuch as these topics are high and comprehended by few men, I have not dared to make the venture, until, in the first place, I had ascertained whether the Latins had more knowledge of them than myself; and I was in great trouble because I had never seen the opinion of philosophers, to know whether they might have written upon the above-named things.'

"I should have been very glad to have understood Latin, and to have read the volumes of the said philosophers, to be informed by some, and to detect faults in others; and thus debating in my mind, I decided to cause notices to be affixed at the street corners in Paris, in order to assemble the most learned doctors and others, to whom I would promise to demonstrate in three lessons all that I have learnt, concerning fountains, stones, metals, and other natures. And in order that none might come but the most learned and the most curious, I put in my placards that none should have admission without payment of a dollar for the entry to the said lessons; and I did that partly to see whether, by the help of my hearers, I could extract some contradiction which might have more assurance of truth than the arguments which I might lay before them: knowing well, that if spoke falsely, there would

* The Life of Bernard Palissy, of Saintes, his Labors and Discoveries in Art and Science, with an outline of his Philosophical Doctrines, and a translation of Illustrative Selections from his Works. By Henry Morley. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

be Greeks and Latins who would resist me to my face, and who would not spare me, as well on account of the dollar that I should have taken from each, as on account of the time I should have caused them to mispend: for there were very few of my hearers who could not elsewhere have extracted profit out of something during the time spent by them at my lessons. That is why I say that if they had found me to be speaking falsely, I should soon have been baffled: for I had put in my placards, that if the 'things therein promised did not prove trustworthy, I would restore the quadruple. But, thanks be to God, never man contradicted me a single word.'"

Palissy was again condemned to death in 1585, at the age of seventy-six, on account of religious opinions. The influence of his friends was only able to obtain the postponement of his sentence. He was confined in the Bastille, and died there four years afterwards. Imprisonment and threats of fire and fagot were alike unavailing to weaken his faith. In the year before his death, he said to the king, Henry III., in answer to the announcement by the latter, that if he did not recant, he must be burnt on the morrow, so virulent were the Guise party against him, "Sire, the Guisards, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a Potter to bow down to images of clay."

The latter half of the second of these volumes is devoted to extracts from Palissy's works, on the struggle of the reformers in Saintes, the science of pottery, fortification, agriculture, hydraulics, and other practical topics. His style is clear, though somewhat diffuse. The variety of the subjects shows the activity of his mind. He carried his love of nature and of exactness into his artistic productions, his favorite works being what he called his "rustic figulines," vases adorned with flowers and insects in high relief and colored. These ornaments were in all cases copied from the plants and insects found in his native region, and the minute investigation of naturalists has established the exact correspondence between the copy and the originals.

These volumes narrate, in addition to the career of a remarkable man, the history of France for eighty years prior to the accession of Henry IV., Mr. Morley's comprehensive plan of biography bringing in all important public events bearing upon the fortunes of his hero. The reader will perhaps after all not be disposed to complain of the length to which he has carried this, as his style, with the exception of a few affectations at the outset, is animated, earnest, and agreeable.

OLD FASHIONED SATIRE.

A PLEASANT paper, of excellent taste and discrimination, in the new number of the *Westminster Review*, disposes of a school of literature, which has flourished, grown old, effete, and expired among the dusty shelves of the English "classics"—the Satirical. The writer properly makes some obvious distinctions, preserving the manliness of honest indignation, which will at times pour itself forth in numbers pure as its motives; but he throws aside as things to be wondered at, the old heroic couplets—like Pope's Atossa for instance,—which used to be tolerated, with their stores of filth and malignity, in the genteel old days of our gentlemanly forefathers.

There is a neat scholar's touch in this paragraph on the amenities of—Juvenal!—

"And why do we hear so much of the 'gross-

ness' of poor old Juvenal? Sometimes we hear him described as a butcher; sometimes as an exhausted old voluptuary, turning to rail at vices which he had 'used up.' But his was not an age for using light weapons. It was a war like Thor's attack on the serpent, Midgard. His *fascies*, too, were always lowered before the old genius of his country: wherever a divine power came along, they bowed in due reverence. There are stray, sad gleams, too, of poetry, as in the passage ending with the mournful, musical, *plenæque sororibus urna*. But does not a hearty old Roman geniality breathe from the invitation to Persicus in the eleventh satire? Persicus is to come to that grim satirist's Tiburtine villa. No rawhead-and-bloody-bones repast awaits him. There will be a plump kid, Persicus, my boy, fresh from the banks of Tiber—innocent of grass, and scarcely having cropped the willow—a most innocent kid, with more milk than blood in him—(Charles Lamb would have gone at once)—vegetables, eggs, excellent grapes. We will dine as our ancestors used to dine. We will have a modicum of modest wine, and we will hear the verses of the 'Iliad' and of 'Virgil.'

'Quid refert, tales versus quâ voce legantur?—

"We cannot expect such cheerful feeling to prevail often in a heart sick with the contemplation of the brutal greed, cruelty, stupidity, and manifold baseness of the time. But it is pleasant to feel this cheerful breath, as from the old hills of Italy, in an atmosphere redolent with smoke, foreign ointments, gigantic kitchens, and all sorts of sin. Sad and grim old Juvenal had the honest simplicity of one of the old rustic gods about him, and the bare manliness of his humor is not suited to the morbid squeamishness of effeminate respectability."

English satire is thus characterized in one of its traits:—

"Yes; we have a talent for satire in England. Perhaps, to be sure, we never attain to the airiness of the French epigram—

... that masterpiece of man!

which slays as with a sun-stroke. Our satire has a tendency to be noisy. We *rattle* as well as sting. Thus, when an offender is to be lashed, much dust and hubbub is raised round him. The laws against which the unhappy fellow has rebelled are solemnly invoked and repeated to him as at a military flogging. Who does not remember the 'ashing article' of the 'Quarterly,' in its old day?—The public were always first reminded of their duties as Britons, and their moral position in Europe generally, and called on to rejoice sternly in the coming castigation. Of the two great branches into which satire divides itself—invective and ridicule—perhaps the first is our forte. Dryden confesses that he preferred Juvenal to Horace, for his private reading. He himself shows an example of merciless violence. Thus, we are unhesitatingly assured of Shadwell—really, by the way, a clever man—that—

'With all this bulk, there's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch that is not fool is rogue!'

"So Churchill solemnly commences, of a foe:—

'With that small cunning which in fools supplies,
And amply, too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave,
To qualify the blockhead for a knave.'

"Again, Junius calls one great man 'purely and perfectly bad.' And Swift opens a battery on the Irish public body (we are quoting from memory) with—

'Half a mile from Dublin college,
Half the globe from sense and knowledge.'

"It is our English way. A majestic severity seems to become our national seriousness; we feel that the *non tennere divos* is to be taught to some purpose, while we are about it."

Omitting the poets, who made their satiric portraits endurable—Butler, Dryden, Swift,

Pope,—we have this sketch of the progress and rapid decline of the business as it degenerates into libel—and grows harmless again for evil, though probably more useful for good,—in Punch:

"We enjoy the reputation, undoubtedly, of being the first caricaturists in Europe. Our Gil-*rays* and H. B.'s are unmatched. And we have never been without our equib-writers. The ballads against the 'Rump' alone, we believe, count by thousands. Cleveland, the royal satirist, went through edition after edition. Cowley's wit is as visible in his attack on the Puritans as in anything of his we have left. Villiers and Dorset's *carmina probrosa* were renowned. William the Third's diseases; Sir Robert Walpole's mistress; Queen Caroline's hate of her son; the Georges' affection for Hanover—their bad English—their queer ways—their amours—occupied a cycle of satirists. Walpole's letters are always registering the last 'copy of verses,' which had aimed at inflicting misery on his king, his rivals, or his uncle. Pulteney wrote squibs, and so did Chesterfield. Bolingbroke's stately eloquence complains of the 'flowers' . . . 'gathered at Billingsgate,' by his enemies, to annoy him. And to this hour, the orthodox reviewer of the day still thinks it the proper thing to mention Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the great gay libeller of the last century, an elegant, witty gentleman, always ready to embody the scandal of the hour in neat and flowing verses. It became an art to do this kind of thing—an art like that of the early poisoners, who conveyed death in perfumed soap, gloves, flowers. So that every period of political movement has its knot of libellers:—the 'Rolliad' is succeeded by the 'Anti-Jacobin'; then comes the era of the 'Twopenny Post-Bag,' which is followed by the Tory triumph of the *John Bull*; till, at last—which was the upshot of the whole, and natural development of the system—it led to abysses of blackguardism (in the *Age*, etc.), where not even the sturdiest critic can be expected to follow."

One of the "dodges" of the old system used to be an *argumentum ad hominem* in England, which would not find much footing in this country:

"How strange it seems to read, in grave biographical language, of two men—both fond of letters, both dear to their own friends, and with some qualities worthy of love,—Gifford published his so-and-so against Wolcott; to which the Doctor replied by a "Cut at a Cobbler!"

"The 'cobbler' was, indeed, a capital point for a satirist. One of the greatest misfortunes that can happen to a man of talent in this country, is to be the son of a respectable tradesman! That fact, at all events, will never be forgiven him. 'Vices' will be pardoned, for they were committed in hot youth. To renounce his early opinions, is perhaps the next most damning blot; still, it is sometimes conceded that this may be maturity of judgment, a ripper knowledge, and the 'exercise of a sound discretion.' But if he be sprung from the *taberna* of a 'cobbler,' or a grocer, or a barber—the shadow of the parental establishment will darken his path through life. The Tory reviews will bring forward the fact, as a conclusive reply to his argument for a reform of the constitution—as an additional reason for rejecting the 'emendations' in his edition of a classic. 'Not that I think any the worse of him for it—but—' and Snob looks unutterable things. A reform may be in progress in such matters, now, but it was not so in the times of which we are writing. Indeed, we might draw up a list of rules derived from the party-satirists (the smallest of all satirists, of course), how to use this kind of reproach to the greatest advantage."

But have we not our persecutions as intolerable? Occasionally you will meet with

them in the "newspaper press," though we fancy the annoyance is growing less frequent, and that upon the whole, with now and then an unfortunate exception, the standard of the Press is gentlemanly. No profession certainly should be held more responsible to good manners or take greater pride and satisfaction in an etiquette based on virtue and refinement.

THE LAST DAYS OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

In the last number of Mr. Putnam's excellent Miscellany, *A Book for a Corner*, by Leigh Hunt, occurs among other passages of English literature, a notice, compiled from Trotter's biography of Charles James Fox, of the retirement and death of that statesman. The story bears a remarkable similarity in several points to that which has just engrossed the American people in the closing bulletins from Marshfield—of which every pulpit, every newspaper, every private conversation, and many more private reflections have been full. An impression has prevailed that Webster had modelled himself greatly upon the great English statesmen, Burke and Fox. The association is not without its warrant, in weaker and graver points—though while it would be exaggeration of Mr. Webster's merits to press this resemblance so far as his admirers have done—for instance to claim the philosophic merits and fancy of Burke—it should not be forgotten that our American orator has a peculiar culture and qualities peculiarly his own.

We pass to the resemblances of the last scenes at Chiswick House and Marshfield:

"St. Anne's Hill is delightfully situated; it commands a rich and extensive prospect. The house is embowered in trees, resting on the side of a hill, its grounds declining gracefully to a road, which bounds them at bottom. Some fine trees are grouped around the house, and three remarkably beautiful ones stand on the lawn; while a profusion of shrubs are distributed throughout with taste and judgment. Here Mr. Fox was the tranquil and happy possessor of about thirty acres, and the inmate of a small but pleasant mansion.

"The domestic life of Mr. Fox was equally regular and agreeable. In summer he rose between six and seven; in winter before eight. The assiduous care and excellent management of Mrs. Fox rendered his rural mansion the abode of peace, elegance, and order, and had long procured her the gratitude and esteem of those private friends whose visits to Mr. Fox, in his retirement at St. Anne's Hill, made them witnesses of this amiable woman's conduct. After breakfast, which took place between eight and nine in summer, and at a little after nine in winter, he usually read some Italian author with Mrs. Fox, and then spent the time preceding dinner at his literary studies, in which the Greek poets bore a principal part.

"A frugal but plentiful dinner took place at three, or half past two, in summer, and at four in winter; and a few glasses of wine were followed by coffee. The evening was dedicated to walking and conversation till tea-time, when reading aloud in history commenced, and continued till near ten. A light supper of fruit, pastry, or something very trifling, finished the day; and at half past ten the family were gone to rest.

"About the end of May, Mrs. Fox mentioned slightly to me that Mr. Fox was unwell; but at this time there was no alarm or apprehension. In the beginning of June I received a message from her, requesting me to come to him, as he

had expressed a wish for me to read to him, if I was disengaged. It was in the evening, and I found him reclining upon a couch, uneasy and languid. It seemed to me so sudden an attack, that I was surprised and shocked. He requested me to read some of the *Æneid* to him, and desired me to turn to the fourth book: this was his favorite part. The tone of melancholy with which that book commences, was pleasing to his mind: he appeared relieved, and to forget his uneasiness and pains; but I felt this recurrence to Virgil as a mournful omen of a great attack upon his system, and that he was already looking to abstract himself from noise, and tumult, and politics. Henceforth his illness rapidly increased, and was pronounced a dropsy! I have reason to think that he turned his thoughts very soon to retirement at St. Anne's Hill, as he found the pressure of business insupportably harassing; and I have ever had in mind those lines, as very applicable to him at this time:—

"And as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Faints to the goal, from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes—my long vexations past—
Here to return, and die (at home) at last."

"Another of these symptoms of melancholy foreboding, I thought, was shown in his manner at Holland House. Mrs. Fox, he, and I drove there several times before his illness confined him, and when exercise was strongly urged. He looked around him the last day he was there with a farewell tenderness that struck me very much. It was the place where he had spent his youthful days. Every lawn, garden, tree, and walk, were viewed by him with peculiar affection. He pointed out its beauties to me, and, in particular, showed me a green lane or avenue, which his mother, the late Lady Holland, had made by shutting up a road. He was a very exquisite judge of the picturesque, and had mentioned to me how beautiful this road had become since converted into an alley. He raised his eyes to the house, looking around, and was earnest in pointing out everything he liked and remembered.

"Soon, however, his illness very alarmingly increased; he suffered dreadful pains, and often rose from dinner with intolerable suffering. His temper never changed, and was always serene and sweet: it was amazing to behold so much distressing anguish, and so great equanimity. His friends, alarmed, crowded round him, as well as those relatives who, in a peculiar degree, knew his value and affectionate nature.

"Mrs. Fox, whose unwearied attentions were the chief comfort of the sufferer, and myself, read aloud a great deal to him. Crabbe's poems, in manuscript, pleased him a great deal; in particular, the little episode of Phoebe Dawson. He did not, however, hear them all read, and there are parts in which he would have suggested alterations.

"He languished for St. Anne's Hill, and there all his hopes and wishes centred; he thought of a private life, and of resigning his office, and we had hopes that he might be restored sufficiently to enjoy health by abstaining from business. The Duke of Devonshire offered him the use of Chiswick House as a resting-place, from whence, if he had gained strength enough, he might proceed to St. Anne's.

"Two or three days before he was removed to Chiswick House, Mr. Fox sent for me, and with marked hesitation and anxiety, as if he much wished it, and yet was unwilling to ask it, informed me of his plan of going to Chiswick House, requesting me to form one of the daily family there. There was no occasion to request me; duty, affection, and gratitude, would have carried me wherever he went. About the end of July, Mrs. Fox and he went there, and on the following day I joined them. No mercenary hand approached him. Mrs. Fox hung over him every day with vigilant and tender affection: when exhausted I took her place; and at night, as his disorder grew grievously oppressive, a

confidential servant and myself shared the watching and labor between us. I took the first part, because I read to him, as well as gave him medicine or nourishment.

"We continued our reading of 'Johnson's Lives of the Poets.' How often at midnight, as he listened with avidity, and made the remarks that occurred, he apologized to me for keeping me from my rest, but, still delighted with our reading, would say, 'Well, you may go on a little more,' as I assured him that I liked the reading aloud. At these times he would defend Johnson, when I blamed his severity and unwillingness to allow, and incapacity to appreciate, poetical merit,—would refer me to his life of Savage, and plainly showed much partiality for Johnson. Of Dryden, he was a warm and almost enthusiastic admirer. He conversed a great deal about that great English poet; and indeed I never perceived, at any time, a stronger relish for, or admiration of, the poets than at this affecting period.

"There was now a plainiveness in his manner very interesting, but no way derogating from his fortitude and calmness. He did not affect the stoic. He bore his pains as a Christian and a man. Till the last day, however, I do not think he conceived himself in danger. A few days before the termination of his mortal career, he said to me at night, 'Holland thinks me worse than I am,' and, in fact, the appearances were singularly delusive not a week before he expired. In the day he rose and walked a little, and his looks were not ghastly or alarming by any means. Often did he latterly walk to his window to gaze on the berries of the mountain ash, which hung clustering on a young tree at Chiswick House; every morning he returned to look at it he would praise it, as the morning breeze, rustling, shook the berries and leaves; and then the golden sun, which played upon them, and the fresh air that comes with the dawn, were to me almost heart-sickening, though once so delightful: he whom I so much cherished and esteemed—whose kindness had been ever unremitting and unostentatious—he whose society was to me happiness and peace—was not long to enjoy this sun and this morning air. His last look on that mountain-ash was his farewell to nature.

"I continued to read aloud to him every night, and as he occasionally dropped asleep, I was then left to the awful meditations incident to such a situation. No person was awake besides myself; the lofty rooms and hall of Chiswick House were silent, and the world reposed. In one of those melancholy pauses, I walked about for a few moments, and found myself involuntarily and accidentally in the late Duchess of Devonshire's dressing-room. Everything was as that amiable and accomplished lady had left it—the music-book still open, the books not restored to their places, a chair as if she had but just left it, and every mark of a recent inhabitant in this elegant apartment. The duchess had died in May, and Mr. Fox had very severely felt her loss. Half-opened notes lay scattered about. The night was solemn and still; and at that moment, had some floating sound of music vibrated through the air, I cannot tell to what my feelings would have been wrought. Never had I experienced so strong a sensation of the transitory nature of life, of the vanity of a fleeting world! I stood scarce breathing—heard nothing—listened. Scarcely knowing how I left the dressing-room, I returned. All was still. Mr. Fox slept quietly. I was deluded into a tranquil joy to find him still alive, and breathing without difficulty. His countenance was always serene in sleep: no troubled dreams ever agitated or distorted it—it was the transcript of his guileless mind.

"Mr. Fox expired between five and six in the afternoon of the 13th of September, 1806. The Tower guns were firing for the capture of Buenos Ayres, as he was breathing his last."

HAGEN'S FOOTPRINTS OF TRUTH.*

It is rarely that a young author makes his first appearance before the public under auspices so favorable as in the present case. Here is a handsome octavo, on clean type and hot-pressed paper, well illustrated by several artists of talent, and ushered into the world by publishers of known pith and enterprise. We are willing to take these preliminaries as a guarantee for the investment of so much time as is necessary to an examination of the text itself. The body of the volume is formed of a poem of some length, under the weird title of "The Demon Picture Gallery," which, whatever the prejudices of the reader against demons may be, carries him forward, vigorously and with spirit, to the end. The verse is well managed, the transitions judiciously made, and the general effect successful. The quality of the machinery employed can be understood by the opening:

"I had a dream, a fearful dream!

A fearful dream last night!

A dream that I well may fear to tell;

Lest I should the timid affright.

I thought that I stood in a vaulted hall,

And saw what the stoutest heart would appal;

But strength that I had not, was given to me,
To look on the things I was fated to see.

Deep in earth's bosom the cavern-hall lay,
Where sunbeam was never yet known to stray;

The hall, though gloomy, was lofty and wide,
And the walls I noted on every side,
Were painted with many a strange device,
And pictures of misery, crime, and vice.

"A group of demons there stood in the hall!

I counted the demons, just seven in all;

And nothing there liveth on earth or in sea,
Compared with the look of these demons may be.

Of lamp or fire, in the hall there was none;
'Twas lit by the eyes of the demons alone!—

Which constantly burn'd with phosphoric glow,

Serving dimly, the walls of their cavern to show;

Whilst over their features, so ghastly, it threw
A light that for ever was changing its hue.

And the demons danced, and the demons sang,

And loudly the hall with their wild laugh rang—

Ha ha ha! ha ha ha! ha ha ha!

"Faithful and life-like the pictures were all,

Painted so strangely upon the dark wall.

Whenever to gaze on a picture I turn'd,
The eyes of the demons more brilliantly burn'd;

And over it cast such a wonderful light,
The parts so like magic came forth to the sight,

That no longer a picture you'd take it to be—
The whole was a fearful reality."

So entirely is this opening sustained throughout, that it would give us great pleasure to follow the poet in his exhibition of wonderful pictures, a startling gallery, the like of which is not to be found in the Academy of Design, the Düsseldorf, or any other much-vaunted collection of paintings. The minor poems are all pleasing, animated by a spirit of kindliness, just in sentiment, and versified so as to arrest the attention and secure the favor of the reader. Besides the

pictorial qualities of the poetical portions of the volume—which we might look for from the poet, who is also a painter of rank—we have the illustrations announced in the title. Those by Messrs. Cranch and Walcutt are severally meritorious in the style of those artists. The principal contributions of this kind are, however, from Mr. F. A. Chapman, and these indicate a talent for design peculiar and little developed in this country—the bold school of the imagination, striking in conception, massive in execution—and guided by the indications in the present volume, we do not hesitate to assert that Mr. Chapman, by the careful development of his genius in this direction, has it in his power to secure a high, uncontested, and most enviable reputation. To our judgment, the illustration of "Fanaticism" shows the capability of Mr. Chapman more than either of the others. For Mr. McRae, a kindly word may be spoken: although we discover tokens of haste, we clearly see that Mr. McRae appreciated his subjects, and had power to execute his part of the work with spirit and success.

Altogether, a l parties may be proud of the debut of this elegant volume.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A DULL week with the trade, with little publishing and less reading—to be accounted for, doubtless, by the occupation of the public with the solemnities in memory of Daniel Webster, and the annual instalment, enhanced on this occasion by the additional ingredient of the Presidency, of electioneering and caucussing. The starting point of American civilization—the stump, as Dr. Holmes has it—takes precedence of the book. Our tables are cleared of all the gallant company of the publishing world, "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, scene indivisible and poem unlimited." We pause for the new novel by Thackeray, with its Defoe title, *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., a Colonel in the Service of Her Majesty Queen Anne, written by Himself*, or, the promised second volume of Bancroft's *History of the Revolution*, which the advertisements tell us are "just ready."

Mr. De Bow has issued the second volume of his *Industrial Resources of the Southern and Western States*. It is of especial value as a book of reference for the details of its particular topics, which include some matters of information not readily to be found elsewhere. We allude to the series of papers on the practical working and management of slavery in the South—the slave laws, habits, customs, and usages. These bring us into communication with the naked fact, in unsympathizing figures and statements. The papers on this topic are the general question of Negro Slavery, discussed by Chancellor Harper and the Hon. J. H. Hammond; the Negro Laws of the South, by the Hon. J. B. O'Neal; Negro Diseases, by Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans; and Negro Life Insurance, by Dr. J. C. Nott. What slavery is and must be, in its intellectual and physical necessities, may be learnt from these three hundred closely printed columns, more fully and exactly than from a library of "Uncle Tom" romances. We have also in this volume, ranging in alphabetical order from the Mississippi River to Railroads, articles on Mexican Mines, by Brantz Mayer, the Mexican Republic, by Joel R. Poinsett, Rice Cultivation, by R. W. Allston, of S. C., with notices of the history, progress, and development of several of the States.

M. W. Dodd has published in a 12mo. volume *A History of the Division of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America*. It is prepared by a committee of the Synod of New York and New Jersey.

The New England Historical and Genealogical Register, for July, is a publication which must present something of a novelty to European eyes—with its minute researches into the history and genealogy of simple republicans; but if this antique rubbish is looked into, it will be found—like many other dust heaps—to have its virtues and recuperative qualities for new life in the future. The conservative influence of our numerous state and county historical Associations is not to be overlooked in an estimate of the national welfare. As Americans have been supposed to be the most careless of home associations, from their frequent change of domicile, in the same proportion it appears they are tenacious of those very local ties. There are many older countries in the world which might learn much from American Antiquarianism. This quarterly journal would teach them how tenacious John Smith or Peter Brown may be, without any other herald's office than a family Bible, or a village graveyard, of that particular subsection of the family of man to which they have the honor to belong. Here, for instance, we have a very plausible solution of that apparently inextricable embroglio, the "Ancestry of the Jones Family," communicated in numerous pages, studded with births and obits, by Miss Electa F. Jones, of Stockbridge. A Cromwellian looking portrait of Mark Doolittle prefaces a "genealogical memoir" of that Family. Nor is it all dry name and date. We have early historic fragments of Indian dealings, Abstracts of Wills, and a copious address, full of the genuine spirit of antiquarianism, by the Rev. Dr. Wm. Jenks. From this we learn that there is some prospect of accomplishment of that desirable work, a well edited edition of Cotton Mather's *Magnalia*, from the hands of the Rev. Joseph B. Felt. An annotated edition of Hutchinson's "History of Massachusetts" is also recommended as a desirable work.

The National Portrait Gallery, Nos. 7 and 8, contain, with portraits of Clay, Wirt, Dwight, Joel Barlow, and Trumbull, an engraving of an early sketch of Daniel Webster. The memoir was, of course, prepared some time since. How much more vividly and really would it be written now that "death has opened the gate to good fame." The portrait is noticeable from its peculiar qualities; but the best engraving in these numbers is one by Durand of Joel Barlow.

From Scribner we have a new juvenile from a practised pen in that department, "Queer Bonnets; or, Truthfulness and Generosity—a Book for Girls," by Mrs. L. C. Tut-hill.—Stringer and Townsend contribute to the somewhat scant market of fiction: *The Adventures of Lilly Dawson*, by the author of "Susan Hopley."—Gould and Lincoln keep up the reprint of *Chambers's Pocket Miscellany*, a collection of pleasant and instructive papers from their Journal.—The *Household Words* has just completed its fifth volume in the reprint of Messrs. Angell & Co., a capital series, which should be in every family; and this, with the fact of a reprint of Mr. Raymond's *Memoir of Webster*, from the *Daily Times*, issued by De Witt and Dav-
enport, completes our weekly record.

* Footprints of Truth; or, Voice of Humanity. By John Cole Hagen. With illustrations by F. A. Chapman, J. Cranch, and Wm. Walcutt. Engraved on steel by J. C. McRae. New York: Cornish Lamport & Co. 1853.

MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.
ANECDOTES OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE last days of the Statesman of Marshfield have employed the attention of the press and the public during the last week, to an extent, with the exception of the death of Washington, probably unparalleled in our American annals. This is due, of course, in the first place to the marked and distinct character of the man, his personal history—so often appealed to as the triumph of the New England boy—his noble physical appearance—his position in the State, and his careful impressiveness on all public occasions. But besides these conditions, which would have affected the national mind at any time, there has been in the suddenness of the recent event, in the midst of the duties of office and the fresh springing impulses of a new Presidential election, a striking appeal to our wonder. More than this, the minuteness with which the story of those last hours has been given to the people, who have watched these revelations of the dying couch, as throb by throb with the ebbing breath they pulsed along the electric lines, has been very impressive—especially, too, since these dying moments were so significant of all the lofty qualities of the long life which had preceded. The death of Webster has been one long eloquent discourse to his countrymen of patient heroism, the consolations of literature, love of country, and religion, which will be remembered as the most eloquent of all his orations. This was eloquence in act—with a grander audience and a more solemn master of ceremonies than ever ushered the great orator to hall, or assembly, or senate chamber. The whole world is kin to these emotions—and to the honor of human nature they have been everywhere experienced at the recital of these incidents. Edward Everett has said truly to a meeting of citizens in Boston:—

"But I greatly err, if the closing scene—the height of the religious sublime—does not, in the judgment of other days, far transcend in interest the brightest exploits of public life. Within that darkened chamber at Marshfield was witnessed a scene of which we shall not readily find a parallel. The serenity with which he stood in the presence of the King of Terrors, without trepidation or flutter, for hours and days of expectation; the thoughtfulness for public business, when the sands were nearly run out; the hospitable care for the reception of the friends who came to Marshfield; that affectionate and solemn leave separately taken, name by name, of wife and children, and kindred, and friends, and family, down to the humblest members of the household; the designation of the coming day, then near at hand, when 'all that was mortal of Daniel Webster would cease to exist!' the dimly recollected strains of the funeral poetry of Gray, last faint flash of the soaring intellect; the feebly murmured words of Holy Writ repeated from the lips of the good physician, who, when all the resources of human art had been exhausted, had a drop of spiritual balm for the parting soul; the clasped hands; the dying prayers.

"Oh! my fellow-citizens, this is a consummation over which tears of pious sympathy will be shed, ages after the glories of the forum and the Senate are forgotten.

"His sufferings ended with the day,
Yet lived he at its close;
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

"But ere the sun, in all its state,
Illumed the Eastern skies,
He passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise."

It has been much for Mr. Webster's fame that his reputation has been so largely indebted to literary cultivation and associations. The effect of this is seen in the obituary speeches and addresses, and the articles of the press. All of them, with the exception here and there of some forcible feeble exaggeration, have been of a higher character than usual on such occasions. Newspaper readers will not soon forget the first monitory articles, written from the secret knowledge of one of his friends, which appeared in the *Boston Courier* a day or two before Mr. Webster's serious illness was generally known. In it occurs this notice of Marshfield and its occupant:—

"Here, but a few weeks since, Mr. Webster was accustomed to drive the transient guest over his estate; visiting its fields, his ocean shore, his flocks, and his herds: pointing out the prospect, and speaking with tender emotion of the sad and happy memories the varied views recalled; conversing with the rustic neighbors whom he chanced to meet, in kind and genial tones, and on subjects which he and they understood alike; uttering from time to time glorious thoughts suggested by the scene, in language of massive beauty and grandeur which made the moment memorable in the listener's life. But this has been in some measure interrupted. That noble form, that surpassing strength of constitution, have drooped under the protracted illness which has withheld him from the turmoil raging outside of that secluded spot; the drives over the hills and along the loud-resounding sea, which he loved so much, have ceased. Solemn thoughts exclude from his mind the inferior topics of the fleeting hour; and the great and awful themes of the future now seemingly opening before him—themes to which his mind has always and instinctively turned its profoundest meditations, now fill the hours won from the weary lassitude of illness, or from the public duties which sickness and retirement cannot make him forget or neglect. The eloquent speculations of Cicero on the immortality of the soul, and the admirable arguments against the Epicurean philosophy, put into the mouth of one of the colloquists in the book on the Nature of the Gods, share his thoughts with the sure testimony of the Word of God. But no day passes that the affairs of the country do not occupy his attention. His great mind never applied itself with a calmer or more comprehensive grasp to the duties of his department. The intellectual power asserts its supremacy over physical weakness and tedious disease, with an unfaltering energy of soul, that in itself is as good an argument of its immortality as Cicero ever uttered in the majestic accents of the Latin tongue.

"These are the dignified pursuits that grace the days of suffering passed by the illustrious statesman of Marshfield."

Then came the fatal details, followed by a host of tender, sacred recollections. This, from the editor of the *Boston Atlas*—one of many similar reminiscences from clergymen and others:—

"It was our fortune to pass several days at his home in Marshfield, some six or seven years ago, and well we remember one beautiful night, when the heavens seemed to be studded with countless myriads of stars, that about nine o'clock in the evening we walked out, and he stood beneath the beautiful weeping elm which raises its majestic form within a few paces of his dwelling, and looking up through the leafy branches, he appeared for several minutes to be wrapped in deep thought, and at length, as if the scene, so soft and so beautiful, had suggested the lines, he quoted certain verses of the eighth Psalm, beginning with the words: 'When I consider

thy heavens the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor,' &c. The deep, low tone in which he repeated these inspired words, and the deep rapt attention with which he gazed up through the branches of the elm, struck us with a feeling of greater awe and solemnity than we ever felt, when a year or two later, we visited some of the most magnificent cathedrals of the Old World, venerable with the ivy of centuries, and mellowed with the glories of a daily church service for a thousand years."

— Nor were his lighter social qualities forgotten:—

"Mr. Webster was one of the best story tellers in the world. He could relate an anecdote with wonderful effect, and nothing was more easy than for him to 'set the table in a roar.' His fund of anecdote and of personal reminiscence was inexhaustible. No one could start a subject relating to history, and especially to American Congressional life, about which he could not relate some anecdote connected with some of the principal characters, which, when told, would throw additional light upon the narrative, and illustrate some prominent trait in the characters of the persons engaged in the transaction. This great gift he possessed in a degree unsurpassed. Mr. Webster's 'table talk' was fully equal to any of his more elaborate efforts in the Senate. He could talk, to use a somewhat misnomeric expression, as well as he could speak. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and loved and appreciated nice touches of eccentric humor. We have many reminiscences of his story-telling, for, when at Washington, we often had the pleasure of dining at his table. On these occasions it was the purpose of those present to draw him out; and to do this, it was but necessary to start some topic in which he felt an interest. We shall never forget his account of his visit to Jefferson, at Monticello, his analysis of the character and intellectual attainments of Hamilton, who he thought bore a closer resemblance to the younger Pitt than any other man in English or American history, and his anecdotes of Chief Justice Marshall, and old Mr. Stockton, of New Jersey, and of his ride from Baltimore to Washington in a wagon, with a stout, burly fellow, who told him he was a robber."

Another journal, the *Evening Post*, supplies this anecdote of the robber in full:—

"The incident to which the *Atlas* alludes, we believe occurred to Mr. Webster, before railroads were built, as he was forced one night to make a journey by private conveyance from Baltimore to Washington. The man who drove the wagon was such an ill-looking fellow, and told so many stories of robberies and murders that, before they had gone far, Mr. Webster was almost frightened out of his wits. At last the wagon stopped, in the midst of a dense wood, when the man, turning suddenly round to his passenger, exclaimed fiercely, 'Now, sir, tell me who you are?' Mr. Webster replied, in a faltering voice, and ready to spring from the vehicle, 'I am Daniel Webster, member of Congress from Massachusetts!' 'What,' rejoined the driver, grasping him warmly by the hand, 'are you Webster! Thank God! thank God! You were such a deuced ugly chap, that I took you for some cut-throat or highwayman.' This is the substance of the story, but the precise words used by Mr. Webster himself, in repeating it, we cannot recall."

Then we have various tributes in verse—one with a striking conceit—from the poet, Read:—

"The great are falling from us—to the dust,
Our flag droops midway, full of many
sighs;
A nation's glory and a people's trust
Lie in the ample pall where WEBSTER lies.

"The great are falling from us—one by one,
As fall the patriarchs of the forest trees;
The winds shall seek them vainly, and the sun
Gaze on each vacant space for centuries.

"Lo, Carolina mourns her steadfast Pine,
Which, like a main-mast, towered above
her realm;
And Ashland hears no more the voice divine,
From out the branches of her stately elm.

"And Marshfield's giant oak, whose stormy
brow
Oft turned the ocean tempest from the
West,
Lies on the shore he guarded long—and now,
Our startled Eagle knows not where to
rest."

In Mr. George S. Hillard's Boston speech occurred this striking illustration, handsomely complimented by the Rev. Dr. Hawks in his remarks before the Historical Society,—*"the lightning of passion running along the iron links of argument."*

The Resolutions introduced by Dr. Hawks at that time have a special propriety and significance:—

"Whereas, The dispensation of an all-wise Providence has removed from the earth the Hon. Daniel Webster, late Secretary of State of the United States, and for nearly half a century associated in the councils and identified with the history of the nation: And whereas (to use his own most appropriate and expressive language), 'it is fit that we commemorate the services of national benefactors, extol their virtues, and render thanks to God for eminent blessings early given and long continued to our favored country:'

"Therefore, we, the New York Historical Society, as a body, would add our mournful tribute to the sounds of sorrow which now come up from a nation's heart, at the bereavement which but too forcibly reminds us of one who, springing from the ranks of the people, evinced, with the generosity natural to youth, the resolute determination that belongs to the maturity of manhood; and with indefatigable industry, surmounting obstacles amid the vast labors of an arduous profession and continuous devotion to legislative duties, prosecuted his extended researches into the domain of general learning, having acquired in early life those solid attainments which formed the strong foundation on which he reared, in after times, an intellectual structure on which men looked with undiminished admiration to the last; brought to the service of his country the best labors of his head and the best affections of his heart; maintained his principles with an energy, manliness, and eloquence worthy of an American statesman; with indomitable moral courage stood ever fearlessly in the front rank in defence of the Constitution, regardless of personal consequences, with an intensity of patriotism worthy of the purest days of the Republic, acknowledged no earthly allegiance, and rendered no loyalty, save to his country, his whole country. And, finally, with calm dignity, in beautiful harmony with his long and illustrious career, met death with a 'reasonable, religious, and holy hope'; thus, after 'sounding all the depths and shoals of honor,' adding the weight of his testimony to the truth of God, and relinquishing the glories of the statesman to repose his soul in the humble hope of the Christian.

"Resolved, That while we thus feebly express our sympathies in a nation's loss, we feel that the true and appropriate tribute which becomes American citizens is, in youth to imitate his indefatigable industry; in manhood, his ho-

norable and disinterested patriotism; and so to live, that in old age theirs may be, as was his, the tranquil composure which, resting on a Christian's hope, disarmed Death of his Terrors.

"Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the journal of the Society, and a copy thereof, duly authenticated by the officers of the New York Historical Society, be forwarded to the immediate relatives of Mr. Webster."

Of the other speakers, we may notice the strong points and terse expressions of the President, Mr. Bradish, and of Dr. Francis. The latter in doing honor to his friend, Mr. Webster, did not forget his patron saint, Benjamin Franklin—of whose memory he related this memorable defence:—

"The charm of his intellectual power, when genially exerted, was as attractive as Hamilton's, while his practical wisdom resembled that of Franklin. I recall with pleasure a conversation once held with him with regard to that illustrious sage. No individual throughout our wide domain cherished a deeper reverence for the talents and services of this incomparable man than did Mr. Webster. In a discussion which arose among some friends, at a social board, Mr. Webster was asked his opinion concerning the political and fiscal integrity of Franklin, a subject which had been agitated with some asperity. 'Gentlemen,' answered Mr. Webster, 'the topic is too broad for present discussion. Among all our political men, Franklin stands prominent for astuteness, sagacity, and integrity. Amidst all his negotiations, though the depository of innumerable state transactions, he was never known to betray the slightest secret or to utter a hint from which a sinister revelation might occur. As to his fiscal integrity, who knew him better than Washington; and had the slightest blemish rested upon that portion of his character, would that exalted man have nominated him as the first President of this Union, and at the time when he himself was waited upon by authorized delegates to urge him to accept that vast trust! I want no other demonstration of the incorruptible principles of Franklin than that nomination by Washington.'"

ODDS AND ENDS.—BY AN OBSOLETE AUTHOR.
CONTRIBUTED TO THE LITERARY WORLD.

No. III.

THE OLD MAN'S BLESSINGS.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

You think because I'm fourscore years,
And halt a little in my gait,
My life is one of cares and fears,
And that no blessings on me wait;

You think I sigh for days long past,
When Hope his lamp bright-beaming bore,
When all was light from first to last
And not a shadow loomed before;

That 'stead of this young phantom dear
Lighting my path as on I stray,
The spectres grim of guilt and fear
Are my companions on the way;

That nothing now to me is left
But patience to endure the load
Of added years, each one bereft
Of blessings which the last bestowed.

But trust me, friend, it is not so,
Age has of joys its hidden store,
As rich as youth can e'er bestow
Which memory reckons o'er and o'er.

Remember that the withered leaf,
Just ere it falls to rise no more,
Discloses for a period brief
A brighter tint than e'er it wore.

Remember, too, the great command,
Those who their parents honor here
Shall live long in the promised land
And revel in its bounteous cheer.

Old age must then a blessing be,
Since 'tis the boon which God doth give
To those whose filial piety
Merits the chosen bliss to live.

What though my head is white as snow,
My forehead ploughed by many a furrow,
My body bent like Indian bow,
And I a stick am fain to borrow?

What though my sight begins to fade,
I still can find my way along;
What though my hearing is decay'd,
I still can hear the woodland song.

And though young Fancy's dreams are o'er,
I still can banquet on the past,
And draw from mem'ry's ample store
As rich a treat as Hope's repast.

As o'er my shoulder back I peer,
I see no grinning spectres pale,
No scowling imps of guilt or fear
That dog my steps, and snuff the gale.

Some marks there are, I must confess,
Longtime chalk'd up behind the door,
Some old offences more or less,
I wish were rubbed out from the score.

But he who gave his blood for all,
I hope has shed one drop for me,
When he aton'd for Adam's fall
On the high cross of Calvary.

This world is still a cheerful scene,
The sunshine still is clear and bright,
The waving woods, and meadows green,
Still give my heart a mild delight.

'Tis like the summer twilight eve,
Though not so bright as morning's ray,
Yet soft and sweet and hard to leave
As the more gorgeous tints of day.

What though grim death with iron hand
Has severed many a heart-knit tie,
And many of my kindred band
In yonder church-yard mouldering lie;

Old friends—a few—still hover near,
Nursing like me th' expiring flame,
Who though they all new faces wear,
Are still in heart and soul the same.

And, best of all, a little band
Of noisy imps climb up my knees,
And ramble with me hand in hand,
Along the brooks, among the trees.

The old trunk, though its limbs decay,
Puts forth new shoots from year to year,
And 'neath its shadows, rich and gay
The grass grows, and the flowers appear.

Then why should I of age complain?
If 'tis a punishment to prove,
God would not promise it to man
As a reward for filial love.

Content to live, content to die,
I heed not when grim death appears,
But if 'tis Heaven's high will, why I
Don't fear to live an hundred years.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE ceremonies attending the erection of the first column of this edifice on Reservoir Square, took place last Saturday. A number of distinguished personages, including the Governor of the State, were present. Theodore Sedgwick delivered an address, including, besides the proper mention of the generalities of the occasion, the reading of a commendatory letter from Daniel Webster, dated Oct. 13, with this special notice of the building itself:

"We intend—and I believe it is not too much to claim—that the palace itself shall make an epoch in the architecture of our city. We believe that it will give an impulse to construction

in the material of iron that will be of the greatest service to that interest. Iron constructions have already been carried far forward by a most intelligent and accomplished mechanic—Mr. James Bogardus—and I believe that the experience of this building will give it a great additional impulse. Its superior lightness, durability, cheapness, and facility of construction give it immense advantages over any other material. We are erecting an edifice that will cover, on the ground floor, two and a half acres, and it will be done in the winter, in about six months, for a sum not much varying from \$200,000. If any one compare this time and the time with what would be required for a building of any other material, except wood, the immense superiority of iron is most perceptible."

And these pertinent considerations:

"But there are, Sir, ulterior considerations which I wish clearly to state. The large cities of the elder world, especially on the continent, possess great galleries for popular instruction and entertainment. It is, at first sight, remarkable, though, in fact, easily intelligible, that in a country reposing entirely on popular power, comparatively nothing is done on a great public scale for the pleasure and instruction of our adult people. We have no galleries, no parks. This is not the place to say anything in favor of a park, though an object which should be dear to the heart of every New Yorker. But I desire, in regard to the other objects, to point out how easy it will be hereafter to convert this building into a great People's Gallery of Art. Its structure is eminently adapted for the purpose. We stand here on the city's ground, and it will be completely in the power of the city hereafter to accomplish this result. Long after our association shall have disappeared, I hope this building may stand—as long as yonder massive and majestic creation; and like that, in the hands of the public authorities, be one of those monuments which makes the government dear to the people. [Cheers.] Allow me to say a few words of our purposes. The undertaking is a private one—fostered by no governmental aid; but the interests are so numerous and divided, that not the slightest color is afforded for the charge of speculation. There are, I venture to say, very few undertakings of equal magnitude which are represented by so large a number of parties, and it thus becomes practicable to impress upon the direction and management of the enterprise, that broad, liberal, impartial, and as it were national character, which is essential to its proper development. If our success is what we expect and intend it shall be, we shall claim the honor of it for our institutions—those institutions which enable private individuals to accomplish what in other countries vast governmental efforts are required to effect. We shall claim the honor for the country and for the people; for that mixture of individual energy and practical accommodation which gives such wonderful efficiency to the American character; for that public spirit and private good feeling of which we have such striking evidence here to-day—bringing together, at this moment, men of all parties, to work together for a common object of general interest. [Cheers.]"

Gov. Hunt replied in a brief speech, and several other addresses were delivered.

It is understood that the building will be opened next May, and already speculators have profited by the rise of prices of real estate in the neighborhood anticipatory of the crowds to be assembled on the spot.

A FEW POINTS OF DR. HOLMES'S LECTURE AT THE TABERNACLE, ON LECTURING.

[From the Report of the Herald.]

SPEECH and printed thought are the elementary meteors in the world of intellect. Speech is like the power of the atmosphere

—it is never still. It embraces and moves, or tends to move, all things in all places, at all times. It carries about all good and bad influences. It scatters the germ of every mental and moral growth. It drives the electric cloud of passion. It brings the heavenly tear of mercy; it carries the thought of one person into the bosom of another. The greatest effort of human audacity was defeated not by the thunderbolt, earthquakes, or deluge, but by introducing guttural sounds or combinations into the talk of the workmen. There is no resisting the little organ that laps on the lips that talk, or the palate telegraphing our souls out of our bodies into the atmosphere. The whole story of love, for instance, is told in two lines.

"For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he."

Whether the rhyme in the original was "daughter" or "caught her," there is little doubt that the matter ended in point of fact as such trials are wont to—the winning tongue won the game, and the pretty maiden paid the forfeit. (Laughter.) But the use of this delicately suspended and easily vibrating organ not being confined only to the rougher sex, the gallant soldier probably took his turn at defeat sooner or later, in the shape of a curtain lecture, that one compensation that pays off so many of the political and social wrongs of womanhood. For, after all, if we would know what the tongue can do, we must go to the mistresses, and not the masters of creation, whether it be to warm, to comfort, or command—"to raise a mortal to the skies, or bring an angel down." We need not go to Lady Macbeth, or to that Daughter Herodias, the plebeian princess, who year after year has been goading her patient cousin to clutch the shadowy diadem of the first Napoleon.

Next after speech, and with a long interval between them, must come the power of printed thought. This has an intellectual motor. Its analogy with the power of water is obvious enough. It is confined to certain places of action. It works by perpetual wearing and perpetual accumulation. No individual is a match, for instance, for the most indifferent newspaper that has any motive for wearing him out by hostilities—because not even adamant can resist constant attrition. The press again has its periodical ebb and flow like the ocean. Its force is imprisoned in artificial channels, and made to turn the wheels of political machinery. Public opinion has its factories spinning its yarns long and short, manufacturing stuff of all descriptions, with a large consumption of chemical products, bleaching salts for one use, dyestuffs for another, and a little *lye* occasionally to help along the process. (Laughter.)

Let us now come to a view of those public assemblies out of which has grown, as a natural consequence, that lecturing system with which we are more particularly concerned. What is the first product of American civilization? It is not a church, for that takes time. It is not a school-house, for that requires children. It is not a jack-knife, for that being a matter of the first necessity, Jonathan always has one in his pocket wherever he goes. It is not even an axe; for although he would sit down and whittle out a handle, if that was all, yet he will not be quite ready to put a steel head to it, of his own manufacture. The first product of

American civilization is, as was remarked—what? The answer has doubtless been anticipated by all. It is evidently a stump. What is the first intellectual product of American civilization? A man to get upon it and make a speech; it may be about shooting the Indians, or building the church, or school house, or choosing a representative, but a speech on something or other. The stump speaker is the father of American civilization. Political life has of course offered the amplest field for the development of the powers called out in these first ruder efforts of forming society. The energies of our millions of sovereigns pour themselves most freely into the broadest of the channels, never fairly laid open to a people until the birth of this vast confederated government, to fill whose deep banks, and speed whose resistless current, the minds of the whole people become tributary—as the streams that flow eastwardly from the Rocky Mountains and westwardly from the Alleghenies, pour their strength directly, or by the rivers they have chosen, into the turbulent bosom of the Father of Waters. Of all modes of operation, public speeches, whether delivered from the native stump draped only with flowing mosses, or the same stump, sawed, planed, polished, and cushioned, were found the most effective.

The lesson was not lost on those outside the political arena—the moral reformer learned it—he borrowed the town hall, the pulpit, the school-house, and started the apathy of the somnolent public with his bitter and vehement eloquence, always with some living principle throbbing under its seemingly capricious manifestations. And, with the new element came, as there always must come, new diseases of the moral nature. I must borrow the language of physicians, to indicate one or two of the most prominent. Inflammation of the conscience was the most prevalent internal affection, characterized by great tenderness, especially to other people's failings. It was often cured by depletion (from the pocket) in the shape of a subscription paper. There was also a peculiar malignant disease of the organs of speech leading to curious perversions of language. When a person so affected called another a base and low-minded ruffian, it might mean, for instance, that he differed in opinion from the individual making the remark. If the subject of the malady was an editor, he always kept a string of words stereotyped, to save the trouble of setting them up, as he wanted them every day—such words as villain, traitor, cold-blooded miscreant, vile mercenary, and the like, all indicating the same thing precisely, namely, difference of opinion.

That lecturing has succeeded in establishing itself as a fifth estate, there can be no doubt. As the lecturing interest has established itself like other permanent institutions, it has become organized. It has its markets, its brokers, its prices current, its rise and fall of particular stocks, its seasons of general buoyancy and depression. A given lecturer, even, may establish a reputation independent of the lecturer's general standard. One thing is certain—a lecturer must know what he is talking about; he must be determined that others shall, and he must be confident that he makes them. This confidence produces its impression in a moment, not only on man, but on the whole animal creation. Ladies and gentlemen—it is the custom of some of our old-fashioned divines to wind up

a discourse with what they call an application. This is supposed to be graduated to the particular wants of the individuals present, who, having been cornered by what has gone before, are caught at last in the apex of the narrowing triangle, and finished with a few straight hits between the very eyes of the conscience. It will be most gratifying to me if I could suit the application of this discourse to the particular assembly before me. Were it composed of young merchants, or of members of a political party, or of any one religious or other special organization, a speaker might guess how to strike and where to hit; as it is, there is only one thing your speaker can be sure of—that he is in the great city of the Union, talking to an audience scooped, as I may say, out of the mighty stream of life running in every channel of the Western continent.

New York is getting, to a great extent, to enjoy the metropolitan luxury of being taster to the country at large. Audiences in many other places swallow, for the most part, what is put before them. But here much must be applied to the palate, and rejected. Like the officials in the wine establishment mentioned by Sir Francis Head, they must throw out much of what they try, or they would get more into their heads than would be good for them. So much the better. We want a tribunal somewhere. In music, in art, in every germ of literature, in science, one of the curses of this country is, that there is nothing like a scale by which anything can be classified. There are individuals enough, it is true, capable of forming sound opinions in each department; but where there is one such, there are five hundred that have only two marks on their thermometers of merit—the boiling point first rate, and the freezing point pretty slim.

Imagine a little group of speakers, and that the drama now begun is just closing. They take each other's hands, retreating backwards in a graceful line, the principal character of the evening a little in advance, with his hand upon his heart. The green curtain begins slowly to move—it is falling. The tall clergyman is only seen from his white neckcloth downwards—falling, falling! It has devoured the black stock of the magistrate—it is swallowing the satin waistcoat of the professor—falling, falling, falling! It touches the floor. The play is over. Many pleasant dreams come after it; and the morrow's judgment approves the evening's good-natured attention.

JUGGLING *versus* SUPERSTITION.

THERE is one art, naturally suggested by these automata, that, like them, had no place in the Exhibition, though it well deserved one, either among the Useful Arts or the Fine Arts; and that is, the art of juggling. It is interesting, at least, as being one of the oldest arts in the world; and besides, like so many other arts, it has often been in advance of science. The jugglers used to handle melted lead and white hot iron, hundreds or thousands of years before M. Boutigny made his experiments. The magic bottle, from which any one of a given number of liquids can be poured at pleasure, will be allowed to be a delicate hydraulic contrivance; and yet it can be proved that it was in use at least two thousand years ago, long enough before the science of hydraulics existed. But we believe the real use of the art is, as Beckmann, in his *History of Inventions*, says,

"that it serves as a most agreeable antidote to superstition, and that popular belief in miracles, exorcism, conjuration, sorcery, and witchcraft, from which our ancestors suffered so severely." If Beckmann were alive now, he might think the posterity of our ancestors was suffering slightly from the same cause, and he might be induced to substitute the words "scientific belief" for "popular belief." It was not so much the lower class, as it was men of education and standing, who believed, a few years since, in Prince Hohenlohe's miracles and Joanna Southcote's messiahship. It is now principally scientific men who believe that a mesmerized patient can see through a pine board, or a brick wall; and even the last phase of "belief," the idea that, at any time, for a quarter of a dollar, a ghost will come into the room and tip over the table, it is well known, is not confined to the class of uneducated people.

To these kinds of "belief," the study of the elaborate French treatises on juggling, in their *Encyclopedias* and *Manuels*, could hardly fail to act as an antidote. The student would find that, at least, there was nothing new in the mesmeric exhibitions and the "spirit-rappings;" that the juggler had always known how to perform them, though whether or not his process was the same as that which the mesmerizer and "medium" used, remains to be seen.

For instance, the Hindoo jugglers have always had the art of "snake charming." By mere gestures, and the beat of a drum, they compel a snake to come out of his hole, and to come into their basket,—a perfect parallel to the exhibitions of the mesmerizers, compelling persons among the audience to come up to the stage, by merely willing it, and making gestures. The Hindoo trick consists in training a tame snake to come to be fed at the sound of the drum, and smuggling him into the hole just before the performance begins; and with the mesmerized patient, it is barely possible there may have been some slight training beforehand.

So, too, the jugglers were in advance of the "biologists, in exhibiting muscular rigidity in the patient, induced by the will of the operator." It is an old trick of the jugglers, when they find they have got a subject sufficiently "impressible," or, to use a more familiar phrase, sufficiently "soft," to tell him, with a certain look and tone, that he cannot open his hand; and, true enough, he cannot open it, as he asserts and believes.

Admirable *clairvoyant* experiments have always been performed by jugglers, sometimes by the help of such devices as concealed mirrors, or cards so marked as to be distinguished by the touch—more often, by means of a well-arranged code of signals with a confederate. And as to spirit-rappings and tipplings, a very slight acquaintance with the material resources of the juggler, in the way of hairs, wires, trap-doors, &c., would show how they could be imitated. No doubt, to make a successful *clairvoyant* or spirit-medium, a person should possess, in a high degree, the peculiar intelligence and tact of the old-fashioned fortune-teller; but for the mere experiments themselves, these treatises show that the most ordinary juggling tricks are abundantly sufficient; and so long as they are, it seems very idle to talk of ghosts, and "the mesmeric fluid." It is a cardinal rule in philosophy, never to invent a new cause, as long as the old ones, known to exist, are sufficient. It would be the easiest

thing in the world to try an *experimentum crucis*, and settle for ever whether mesmerism, "tipplings," &c., were mere juggling. The *clairvoyant*, for instance, might prove he could always break the bank, in playing *rouge et noir*, or "twenty-one," by knowing the card before it was turned up;—the ghost might be induced to pick up an apple in the middle of the field, or to trundle a wheel-barrow down street in open day.—*North American Review*.

THE FINE ARTS.

At a recent sale, announced as the first of an annual series, by Messrs. Williams, Stevens & Williams, composed chiefly of American pictures, the following prices were paid:

Landscape, by Inness, \$60; Duck Shooting, Ranny, \$42 50; Rustic Porch, Rossiter, \$67 50; Tuscan Hat, R. Peale, \$33; Dog and Game, Gignoux, \$60; Landscape, Oddie, \$141; Children at cottage door, Gahner, \$91; Disputed Possession, Mrs. Spencer, \$132 50; Peasants of Ludivico, Hicks, \$59; Lake Scene, Doughty, \$65; Middle Ages, Eberhardt, \$180; Indian Pass, Gignoux, \$182 50; White Mountains, Richards, \$100; Dolee far Niente, Gray, \$215; Militia Court Martial, Matteson, \$150; Niagara Falls, Cole, \$141; Egeria, Mrs. Spencer, \$310; The Lovers' Quarrel, Hubner, \$380; Three Beauties, Rossiter, \$95; Vespers, Wandesforde, \$180; Cordova Cathedral, Jebron, \$135; Mountain Ravine, Inness, \$175; Valley of Vaucluse, T. Cole, \$255; Cattle and Landscape, by Robbe of Brussels, \$365; Early Snow, Doughty, \$250; Sleigh Ride, Ranney, \$350; Swiss View, Doughty, \$160; October Afternoon, Cropsey, \$210; Evening before the Deluge, Flagg, \$210; Two Views of Niagara, Col. Trumbull, \$150 each; River of the Water of Life, Church, \$175; Rip Van Winkle, Elliott, \$106. The pieces were fair, especially for a miscellaneous sale, and show an improving demand for American art.

A very fine and forcible Head of Washington has recently been published by George W. Childs of Philadelphia. It is from the original portrait by Stuart, in the Boston Athenæum. The Head is of life size, and is admirably engraved.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICAN.

MESSRS. BANGS, BROTHER & Co. announce their regular autumn Parcel sale of English and American Books, for Nov. 22, to commence at 2 P.M. and continue day and evening till finished. The Catalogue of the above sale, which embraces a very extensive assortment of desirable stock, including many new books recently published in England and America, is now ready.

A *Large Consignment of English Stationery* will be disposed of during this sale, special lists of which will be early ready for delivery.

At the rooms of Messrs. BANGS, BROTHER & Co., on Thursday last, Nov. 4, was commenced the sale of the private library of a gentleman returning to Europe. The collection is rich in Italian, Latin, Greek, French, and Spanish books. This Catalogue is adorned with scraps of information which show an expert catalogue maker.

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Nov. 10, 11, and 12, Messrs. BANGS, BROTHER & Co., will sell the library of the late Major Douglass, consisting of valuable works on Engineering, Mathematics, The Art of War, Natural History, Statistics, Voyages and Travels, Antiquities, Theology, and General Literature. The following is told of a *Spanish Mahogany Case* which carries

its reminiscences still further in this sale. It was made in Paris for Napoleon's Egypt. This unique piece of furniture was made by order of the Count de Noailles, and by him presented to Mr. Ward, of the Isle of Wight, at whose death it came into the hands of its present possessor. Its original cost was over £125 stg. It is carved in the Egyptian style, and with great elaboration; and is so made as to form an imposing case for the centre of a library or drawing room. The top is so arranged as to rise on touching a spring, and present an inclined surface for the exhibition of the large volumes, thus obviating greatly the labor of handling so bulky a work.

The same case will serve to contain and exhibit the large edition of Audubon's Birds, in connexion with the Egypt, while the top can be used to display any large work that may be desired. The whole can be taken apart and again set up. The dimensions are, length 5 feet, breadth 3 feet 4 inches, height, 3 feet 4 inches. A platform 6 feet long by 4 feet 4 inches broad and 6 inches high, accompanies the case, which can be used or dispensed with as may be desired.

Messrs. HARPER will publish in a few days an authentic account of the "Private Life of Daniel Webster," from the pen of Charles Lanman, Esq., who has for two years past been the Private Secretary and confidential friend of the great man of Marshfield. There are also several other announcements of biographies of Mr. Webster, one in particular by Messrs. Derby & Co., Buffalo.

Messrs. PUTNAM & Co. have published a Catalogue intended as a guide to those who wish to select from the publications of the years 1850-51 and 52; it also forms a supplement to Putnam's classified Book Buyer's Manual.

Messrs. CORNISH, LAMPORT & Co. have now ready the "Life of John the Baptist," based upon Von Rohden's Johannes der Tauffer, by Professor Duncan.

Mr. SCRIBNER has ready a new edition of "March's Webster and his Contemporaries."

Messrs. LITTLE & Co., Albany, publish "The New Rules of the Supreme Court," &c., revised at the meeting of the Judges at Albany, August 5, 1852, and upon receipt of an order by mail or otherwise, containing 15 cents in postage stamps, will send a copy to any address. They have also just published "Whittaker's New York Practice, Pleadings, and Forms under the Codes," 850 pages; "Session Laws of 1852," and "The Jurisdiction and Powers of the United States Courts, and the Rules of Practice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and of the Circuit and District Courts in Equity and Admiralty, with Notes and References; and an Appendix containing the Orders of the High Court of Chancery of England in force in 1842, and the new Orders of the same Court of 1845, and the times and places of holding the United States Courts. By Stephen D. Law, Counsellor of the Supreme Court of the United States." 845 pages. Of Dr. Beck's "Elements of Medical Jurisprudence," the tenth edition is published, greatly enlarged and improved, in two large 8vo. of 1900 pages.

The Messrs. CHAMBERS of Edinburgh announce a new series to be called "Chambers's Repository;" Messrs. GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, will reprint it from advance sheets.

Messrs. J. P. JEWETT & Co., Boston, will publish an Illustrated octavo edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with one hundred engravings by Billings, intended for presentation.

Also, "Uncle Tom" translated into German, by Professor Hutton.

A Religious Gift-Book, entitled "Heaven," by Rev. Rufus W. Clark.

"The Life of Christ," and other Poems, by Mrs. Phelps.

"The Trial by Jury," by Lysander Spooner.

Messrs. JAMES MUNROE & Co., Boston, have prepared a complete list of the works published by them up to this date. It is printed on a large

folio sheet of thin laid paper, and can be sent by mail to professors, colleges, and individuals. The works of Ware, Felton, Woolsey, Palfrey, Sparks, Livermore, Greenfield, Channing, Cushing, Bowen, are among the publications of this house.

LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia, have just published "Personal Memoirs of Daniel Webster," with an account of the last moments of the great statesman.

Messrs. J. D. FLAGG & Co., Andover, Mass., have put forth a neat juvenile entitled "Sketches for School Boys," a worthy addition to the stock of this twig of literature.

Sir Charles Lyell Professor Agassiz, President Hitchcock, Doctor Jacob Bigelow, of Boston, and others, have been engaged to deliver Lectures during the coming winter, before the Academy of Arts and Sciences, or at the Lowell Institute, Boston.

At the Lowell Institute, the first course will be given by Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S., on Geology, embracing the following topics:—"The Changes now in progress in the Physical Geography of the Globe, which illustrate Geological Revolutions. The Tertiary and Cretaceous Strata of Europe. The Comparatively Modern Date of the Alps as a Mountain Chain. The Alluvial Deposits of the Mississippi, viewed with Reference to the Nature and Origin of the Ancient Carboniferous Strata. The Fauna, Flora, Climate, and Atmosphere of the Coal Period. Theory of the Extinction and Birth of Species, and the Progressive Development of Animal Life in Successive Epochs." There will be twelve lectures—Tuesday and Friday evenings.

These lectures are free to the public. The lectures before the Boston Academy of Arts and Sciences will be by the following able men:

Oct. 27, by Jacob Bigelow, M.D., President, Introductory Lecture. Nov. 3, by Professor L. Agassiz, "Genealogy of the Animal Kingdom." Nov. 10, by Hon. Edward Everett, "Grotius." Nov. 17, by George Ticknor, Esq., "The Tartuffe of Moliere." Nov. 24, by Benjamin A. Gould, Jun., "The Theory of Probabilities." Dec. 1, by Lieut. Charles Henry Davis, "Astronomical Prediction." Dec. 8, by President Edward Hitchcock, "The Bird Tracks of the Connecticut River." Dec. 15, by Professor C. C. Felton, "The Relation of Aristophanes to the Times." Dec. 22, by Daniel Treadwell, Esq., "The Progress of the Useful Arts, and their Relation to Scientific Discovery." Dec. 29, by Professor Albert Hopkins, "Time." Jan. 5, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D., "The Relations of Poetry and Science." Jan. 12, by George B. Emerson, Esq., "A Higher Course of Instruction in Science, in Reference to preparing for exercising the Useful Arts." Jan. 19, by Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, "A Complete System of Public Education."

"Silliman's Journal of Science" states that the first volume of the "American Nautical Almanac" will appear in a few weeks under the authority of Congress. It has been prepared by Lieut. C. H. Davis, U. S. N., and will be a material improvement on the British Nautical Almanac, in having more current lunar tables, which give more accurate predictions, as tested in the case of the eclipse, July 28, 1851.

"At Washington, the British Almanac was in error for the beginning of the eclipse 78 seconds, and for the end 62 seconds. The American Almanac was in error for the beginning only 13 seconds, and for the end only one second and a half." * * * "The errors exposed in this eclipse may give rise to an error of from 15 to 20 miles in the determination of the longitude at sea by means of lunar distances, and to an uncertainty of twice that amount. The possibility of such an error, arising from this source, is removed in the American ephemeris."

There are other points of superiority, such as "a more complete, full, and accurate table of latitudes and longitudes, particularly of American latitudes and longitudes, than is now any-

where to be found;" and "tide tables and other practical information concerning the tides." The announcement of the American work has reduced the price of the British from 5s. to 2s. 6d.

The November number of the "National Magazine" has a portrait and life of Bryant, following which is the first part of an illustrated memoir of Johnson, the great Lexicographer. Then a continuation of the disquisition on Margaret Fuller, Countess of Ossoli, translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and an article on the Duke of Wellington, with an engraving of Alfred Crowquill's statuette of the old hero. The "Lost Hunter," a poem by A. B. Street, is beautifully illustrated. The literary, religious, and artistic intelligence is condensed and well selected. We learn it has already attained a circulation of 20,000.

"Hunt's Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review" for November, contains articles on commercial Biography, Commerce of France, The Tobacco Trade, &c. This magazine has reached its 61st number; when it was started in 1839, some fourteen years since, there was not a single periodical devoted either to the literature or statistics of commerce; since then a banker's magazine has been commenced in London and another in this country, and in May, 1852, appeared No. 1 of a London Magazine with the identical name of "Merchant's Magazine and Commercial Review."

Buffalo, October 20, 1852.

Messrs. EDITORS:—The demise of Mr. GEORGE H. DERBY, on the 15th ult., was a sad event to the citizens of Buffalo. Though a resident here only about five years, he had made an extensive acquaintance, and had gained the friendship and esteem of almost the entire community. He was affable, kind, and generous, securing one's goodwill at the outset, and sure, in the end, to work his way into the heart. He was refined in his feelings, polished in manners, and possessed, in short, all those amenities which are necessary to constitute the perfect gentleman. As a business man, he had no superior in the city for industry, energy, and enterprise. Nothing worth mentioning had been done here in the publishing line, previous to his removal hither; and before he had been here a year, the branch had become an important item of our trade. Up to the period of his death, he gave his undivided time and energies to his vocation, and all his undertakings were prosecuted with remarkable tact, and often with astonishing success. As the originator of the book-publishing business in Buffalo, and a benevolent man, he will long be remembered by the almost public circle who have shared in his friendship and felt the influence of his social virtue. He died at the early age of thirty-five, and leaves a wife and three children.

Under the firm of Derby and Co., Messrs. J. C. Derby and Charles F. Coffin, of Auburn, will still carry on the business of the late firm of Geo. H. Derby & Co., and while most of the books will be published at Auburn, Buffalo will be the great depot and place of sale. They have several works now in press, which were announced or in course of preparation before Mr. Derby's demise. Among them, are "Scenes and Adventures in Central America," an English work, by F. Hardman, to the American edition of which will be added an Introduction, by a gentleman of this city; a beautiful 12mo. edition of Tappan's Poetical Works; "Health and Wealth," an English work, for the reprint of which an Introduction has been prepared by Wm. Maxwell Wood, M.D., U.S.N.; and the "Life of Mary, the Mother of Jesus," a 12mo. volume, handsomely illustrated. The last work will be a very appropriate companion to Messrs. Derby & Co.'s reprint of Fleetwood's Life of Christ, recently issued. The same house have also in press the second edition of Gillilan's Bards of the Bible, and new editions of several other works.

Messrs. Pinney & Co. have in press a popular English work on the scenes and resources of a quiet country life in a secluded part of the south of England. The journal of Mr. Knapp, a somewhat noted naturalist, residing there, constitutes the ground-work of the book, to which Miss Cooper, the distinguished author of Rural Hours, has added an Introduction and numerous Notes, together with an Appendix. The fruits of her pen are understood to contain many interesting facts and explanations in Natural History, and to show the points wherein the English and American specimens in the various departments differ. The portion on English birds is very full, and is illustrated by elegant colored drawings. Miss Cooper showed, in her first work, that she has made great proficiency in Natural History, and as this latter work is in the same vein, it will, no doubt, be very attractive. It will be out in the early part of November.

Messrs. F. & Co. have also in press, "Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Heroes of '76," a 12mo. volume, by Mr. De Puy. The Author returned a few weeks since from a summer-long visit to the homes and haunts of the heroes he is sketching, and, from personal interviews with their relatives and other acquaintances, and a careful examination of important documents to which he has had access, and a thorough investigation of local and contemporary history, he is amply prepared to do justice to his undertaking.

The same house will publish, in about three weeks, a neat little collection of the shorter favorite pieces of Washington Irving, illustrated by Darley. The selection from this author's compositions, made and first published in England without his consent, embraces several not included in the American edition; and the "Irving Gift," the title of the new book, is to contain these omitted pieces.

The Young Men's Christian Union is the name of an organization of four months' standing, which bids fair for usefulness in this city. Its design is the same as that of similar societies, of recent origin, in your city and Boston. A reading room has been neatly fitted up, and stocked with the several periodicals and the best newspapers pub-

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